

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Asks "Why Wait?" When One Feels Love's Impulse

LOS ANGELES.—After waiting 30 years before proposing to the sweetheart of his youth, Calvin Mitchell, now fifty-eight years old, feels competent to advise bashful suitors, and that advice is to "speed up." During the 30 years mentioned Mr. Mitchell has been a prospector in California, with a residence here. Then one day, all of a sudden like, he realized his love was not dead, and forthwith he sent a query to Mrs. Katherine Gordon, 4016 North Pauline street.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. At 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the knot was tied by Elder R. F. Mallott of the Maywood Church of Christ. Mr. Mitchell has a mysterious manuscript which he calls "The Crater of Gold."

In it he urges bashful suitors not to wait until they are gray for a marriage ceremony. Girl stenographers also he advises to make the most of the opportunities in their offices.

For example, read of Annie, who typed an "Air Castle" in the "Crater of Gold."

"Mother, I have fallen in love with Mr. Zackley, my employer. I could not help it. As I thought I had no chance to win his love and didn't wish to embarrass our relations, I haven't let him suspect my love. I might give way to tears and reveal my love; I fear to return to the office."

"My dear child," replied her mother, "you are sweet and sincere. You have been doing your work so well it may be that Mr. Zackley loves you. Being an honorable man, he is afraid to declare himself for fear of a refusal. Such men would rather face a cannon's mouth than a thundering 'No' from a woman."

"Instead of cultivating a deferential demeanor assume a companionable attitude. This will break the ice. If Mr. Zackley has serious intentions he will meet you half way and soon both of you will be happy in each other's love."

Surely Here Is Story of Prize Bone-Headed Thief

CLEVELAND.—Joe Elko, 507 South Sangamon street, wishes the emperor of Austria, his former lord and master of his soul, would hang an iron cross on Cleveland's prize bone-headed thief. A generous mood prompts Joe's thought, for he has his old shoes back—also the \$885 he had cached in one of them.

Joe came from Austria a few years ago to the land of liberty. He soon found he was at liberty to work on the railroads as a construction laborer and he has been juggling ties, handling shovels and driving spikes with more or less freedom ever since.

It was a fond notion with Joe that some time he would bring his wife to America. Recently he revised his plan to read "when the war is ended."

He saved his money until he had \$885 in bills, real honest to goodness currency of the good old U. S. A. He had been living in the suburbs. He decided to broaden his field of labor and came to Cleveland. So he came, his worldly possessions in his arms. It was no difficulty to move—he had his extra pants and sweater in one parcel, and his old shoes in the other. His savings he had tucked in the toe of one shoe.

On a preceding visit he had selected a lodging place at the Sangamon street address. Joe found the right building, but he inadvertently stepped into the wrong hallway—the one at 509 Sangamon street. He knocked at the door, and, receiving no response, laid down his bundles and went to the rear, with which he was better acquainted.

Joe had no difficulty in finding the rear entrance at 507. He went upstairs, passed through the flat and went on the front landing. The bundles were not there.

Joe was troubled, but decided to sleep over it. Then he informed Detective Sergeants Joyce and Smith of the police.

It turned out that the detectives' deductions were correct, for they found the shoes in a pawnshop. And the money, all unconscious of its danger, was still in its hiding place.

Authorities Had to Disturb This Young Girl's Plan

NEW YORK.—A servant in the employ of Mrs. Alfred Duane Pell, wife of the rector of the Church of the Resurrection, answered a ring at the door of the Pell home at 22 West Fifty-third street and admitted a well-dressed girl who said she wanted to see Mrs. Pell at once. She rose and bowed formally when Mrs. Pell entered the room a few minutes later.

"My name, madam," she said, "is Bertha Livingston, nineteen years old, unmarried, living in 25 East Ninety-ninth street. Do you recognize this, madam?"

She held out a visiting card upon which was engraved "Alfred Duane Pell, D. D."

"It looks like one of my husband's visiting cards," said Mrs. Pell. She then scrutinized her caller closely.

"It is that," said the girl. "I just stopped in to tell you that your husband and I are to be married in about an hour. I thought you might like to know about it."

The girl then calmly seated herself and said she guessed she'd have the rector perform the ceremony himself in the Pell home. Mrs. Pell called the East Fifty-first street police station. When Patrolman Gelman reached the Pell home, Miss Livingston jumped to her feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the pretty cop! Now I guess we all go to the police station."

Chose Festive Season to Give Up Life's Struggle

CHICAGO.—"Merry Christmas," said J. K. Kest pleasantly to the clerk at the Marion hotel, as he left his key on the desk. He walked to the lake at the foot of Van Buren street, glanced at the cold, forbidding water a moment, and then plunged into it. The police recovered the body.

A letter addressed to the "City Authorities" was found in the man's clothing. It is believed financial difficulties had prompted Kest to take his life. The letter read in part:

"My house is gone—so is the money. About the latter I wouldn't care, because I could make it again, and make it honest, too. But what's the use of suffering?"

"I knew I couldn't last very long, so I've been giving my money away, almost freely."

"Hurrah for Uncle Sam; free Bohemia, Belgium. Vive la France, Serbia, Cevena, Nora and the whole world's democracy."

"To h— with the kaiser."

Youngster's Birthday Came at Opportune Time

SALT LAKE CITY.—Facing matrimony, Douglas R. Regan of Burley, Idaho, grew a year older in a night. The fact is a matter of record in the county clerk's office. Two days since, Regan led Miss Leona B. Stocking of his home town into the sanctum of J. E. Clark, marriage license deputy of the clerk's office, and made a request for a license to marry her.

Under the questioning of Mr. Clark the young man admitted himself but twenty years of age, and was told he must be twenty-one or have the consent of a parent or guardian.

"I am sorry," said the license clerk, a note of genuine regret in his kindly voice.

As the couple went out, Cupid jumped upon the corner of the clerk's desk and, sitting there, made impertinent and deriding faces at him.

"What is amusing you?" questioned the clerk, who has come to recognize the little archer in all his pranks and disguises.

For answer the mischievous cherub chuckled silently, twisted his countenance into a yet more impudent grin and then "scotched" to avoid being caught and suspected by the next couple, just being ushered in.

The next day Regan and his sweetheart were back and the request for a license was renewed.

"But you are only twenty years of age," said Mr. Clark.

"No, I am twenty-one," answered Regan seriously. "This is my birthday."

He got his license.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Gathered from All Quarters About Men Talked About in the Walks of Politics.

Men Who Are Candidates and Men Who Are Not and What People Say.

Dr. Andrew D. Warde, president of the Fort Dearborn College of Law is one of the best educators in the United States. His record is full of fine achievements and his college well deserves hearty support. The doctor has just returned from New York, where he went to bid goodby to his son, who is on his way to the battle line at the French front.

John F. Clare has thousands of friends who would like to see him elected judge.

Captain Henry Channon, the well known and highly respected president of the H. Channon Company, is one of the men who is always working to make Chicago greater. Captain Channon's public spirit, his natural energy and his great popularity make him a valuable man to any cause that he espouses.

Tom N. Donnelly would make a good Mayor. He is popular with everybody.

The Illinois Merchants' Protective League, with headquarters at rooms 313 and 315, 179 W. Washington street, is very popular with the thousands of merchants who are members of it. Its collection and information departments are efficient and it has the name of being "the only league of its kind."

John Powers has always served the people well as alderman from the Nineteenth ward.

The leading members of every society and club in Chicago read The Eagle.

Granville W. Browning would make a good member of the Circuit Court bench.

Alfred B. Horder, the well known stationer, is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and one of the veterans of Chicago's crack First Regiment. He is popular in the business world.

John Z. Vogelsang has done much to make the restaurant the attractive feature of Chicago life that it is today.

Trustee J. M. Dalley of the Sanitary District always looks after the interests of the people.

R. McDonald of Clinton and Adams streets is popular with printers, manufacturers and everybody else.

The Calculators School at 337 West Madison street, of which Noel Kinnaman is principal and owner, is one of the best educational institutions in Chicago. It is turning out numbers of well equipped men every week thoroughly posted in all branches of a most useful and necessary profession.

Judge Kiekham Scanlan fulfills the expectations of his friends. His record on the bench is a good one.

The New Roma restaurant at 117 North Clark street, of which I. Pellegrini is the popular manager, grows in favor with the public every day.

Cooper Lyon, for many years general manager of the big Bishop & Babcock Company, founder and organizer of the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association and a live wire in many big things, has accepted the presidency of the Stanyo Manufacturing Company with offices at 1323 S. Michigan avenue. The company manufactures novelties for the table that are the best in the market.

Congressman Thomas Gallagher of Chicago is one of the most influential men in Washington.

The Akron Tire & Vulcanizing Company of 932 Jackson Boulevard has a branch at 3927 Sheridan Road. They are experts at repairing automobiles, motor truck and solid carriage tires and vulcanizing in all its branches.

John C. Paul, the well known manufacturer of Burnishine, has made his business a household word in Chicago for reliability.

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